Risky

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Risky

by StratsWrote

Summary

People were going to die today.

People died every day, it was part of the job, and Katsuki handled it pretty well even without government-mandated hero therapy, but it was always a sharp stab in the chest when he could do nothing to stop it. What good were hero powers if you couldn't save everyone?

They'd done their best, though. At this point in the fire, anyone still inside would most likely be dead from smoke inhalation. The structural stability of the building was compromised, and Uravity couldn't hold up a forty-story building indefinitely.

So, of course, fucking Deku's worry-filled voice came over the comms next.

"I'm on the seventeenth floor," he said. "I can still see someone. I just need a few more minutes."

Katsuki was standing on top of the building when Uravity's voice came through the comms.

"I can't hold it up much longer. Is everyone clear?"

The fire spread too fast for any one hero to put out, too hot to be entirely suppressed by Shouto's ice, springing up in new places every time one of them put out a source. A quirk, definitely, but the person causing the fires had moved too quickly through the panicking crowds for them to figure out whose.

Rather than a battle, they were in the middle of a rescue mission, and Katsuki felt useless.

Ingenium could speed through, collecting trapped civilians by the handful. Deku could pile a good half-dozen on his back at a time.

Katsuki could only take one or two people on his explosion propelled jumps before he no longer had enough control to cushion the landing for them.

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"I'm on the seventeenth floor," he said. *"I can still see someone. I just need a few more minutes."*

Uravity's voice was strained when she answered. *"I don't have a few minutes. Deku, I can't keep this up, I—"*

"Please, Uravity, I'm so close—"

"Deku!" Katsuki barked into his comm, launching from the struggling building to a nearby roof. "Get your ass out of there."

"Ka—Ground Zero, I've reached them, I just need—"

"Your quirk won't keep you alive under five tons of rubble! Get out of there—"

"I'm trying!" Deku yelled back. *"But —"*

"Who are you going to help when you're dead?!" Katsuki leaned over the edge of the roof, counting windows until he reached 17. Shit, the building was so fucking wide. There was a

chance he wouldn't find Deku, even if he launched into it.

"Deku, I'm losing control!" Uravity shouted. The building shuddered, a full ripple from top to bottom.

The roof collapsed into the floor below, and down they went, in a cacophony of noise and dust. Katsuki covered his face and shut his eyes, already choking on the aftermath. He could hear each floor hit the next with a resounding thud.

Nothing could survive that.

Katsuki's heart beat a frantic rhythm as the dust took its sweet time clearing. Over the comms, he heard a dozen voices sounding off, heroes checking in, accounting for themselves and the civilians they'd pulled from the rubble.

But Katsuki was listening for one voice, just one.

"Deku," he mumbled to himself, "c'mon, shitty nerd."

And—there! On a low rooftop nearby, his body shielding a handful of injured people— and a *dog???*— was a familiar green figure. He had to have leaped from a window.

"I'm out." Deku's voice was hoarse over the comms, shaky. As if he couldn't believe it himself. *"Deku, here. I'm safe."*

There was a burst of static in Katsuki's ear as everyone made their relief known. Katsuki braced himself on the edge of the roof.

Fucking *idiot*.

———

Katsuki caught Deku in the aftermath, cutting down an alley to get home. He looked worn out, his civilian clothes hanging sloppily from his frame.

That didn't stop Katsuki from barreling into him and slamming him into a wall.

"You fucking *idiot!"*

Deku blinked up at him with wide, startled green eyes. He was no longer the scrawny thing he'd been in their childhood, but Katsuki was still taller. He used every inch of that height to his advantage, crowding Deku, his fist clenched tight in his shirt.

"Kacchan—"

"Do you have *any* idea how close you came to dying today?"

Deku narrowed his eyes, a frown tugging at his lips. "Yes, Kacchan, believe it or not I *am* aware of the risks of hero work after half a decade of practicing it."

“You went back for a *dog*.”

“He was a service dog! Tanaka-san needed him!”

“*Tanaka-san* can get another dog,” Katsuki spat. “I can’t get another *you*.”

And there it was, that thing that tugged at him, that nauseating, disgusting little thought that tugged at Katsuki every time Deku did something stupid and self-sacrificing. Every time he put the lives of others over his own, and fuck everyone who cared about *him*.

“Kacchan,” Deku whispered, putting his hand over Katsuki’s, “I’m here. I’m alright.”

And then they were kissing.

It had happened before, when they were both high on adrenaline and shaking with the need to let it out. Rough and quick in a locker room or a closet.

It had happened slow and sweet, on the days when the toll was too high and neither of them could bear to part from the other.

It had happened tentatively, with Deku reaching out and Katsuki uncertain of how to reach back but *trying*.

It would happen again, no doubt.

Today was a rough day, Katsuki shoving their pants down and wrapping a hand around them both, Deku gasping into his mouth, his name the only word he could manage.

“Kacchan… *Kacchan*.”

There were no words for what they were to each other. Katsuki couldn’t have labeled it. All he knew was that without Deku, everything broke.

And with Deku, eyes shut tight, head thrown back, pleasure spilling in hot, wet waves over Katsuki’s hands, everything made sense.

“Come back to me,” Katsuki murmured against his ear. “Whatever you do, always come back to me.”

Deku pulled him close and held him.

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